

BUY
WAR
BONDS

The Stick

BUY
WAR
STAMPS

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FITCHBURG, MASS.

Friday, October 22, 1943

Juniors Take To The Hills

CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS

At their second class meeting on October 8, the Freshmen elected Bob Cormier president of the class of "47". They also chose Margaret Mallahy as vice president; Barbara Thompson as secretary; and Steve O'Horo as treasurer. This makes an even slate of two boys and two girls which shows that the boys are getting right down to business even if this is a girls school year. Also elected were Helen Stocking and Charles Herlihy as representatives to the student Council.

President Bob Cormier comes from Leominster High School, Class of "42". He was president of his class that year too, as well as being president of dramatic club.

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HALLOWEEN DANCE

The Halloween Dance, which as usual will be sponsored by the Sophomore Class will be held in the college gym, Friday night, October 29, from 7:30 to 10:30. The cadets will be invited and each student will be allowed to invite a guest.

Former pupils of the college, who are now at Holy Cross under the V-12 program, are also expected to be present.

F.T.C. GIRLS AT THE U.S.O.

Because of an interest in patriotic service, and the dearth of social affairs, the Miller Hall girls are planing to become Junior Hostesses in the Fitchburg, U. S. O. Club. To answer questions and explain the organization, a member of the local club was present at the House Meeting on Oct. 13. As a result, tentative plans were drawn up to form the Fitchburg Teachers College girls into a separate group, distinguished as such, with an F. T. C. night at the blocal club. Dances, parties, and balls are also in the offering with the motive of service to country as their guiding theme. Junior Hostesses from the Commuting girls at T. C. will also have an active part in future plans. This is the first chance taht the dorm girls have had to do real service work in the city, and they are expected to be outstanding .. so go to it girls!

MRS. SOROKIN ASSEMBLY SPEAKER

Mrs. Pitrim Sorokin was the speaker at the assembly on Tuesday which was held at 3 o'clock instead of the usual time. Following the assembly Mrs. Sorokin was guest at a tea held by Mrs. Herlihy. The assembly was sponsored by the P. T. A. of the Training Schools.

DUNGAREES TAKE PLACE OF GOWNS

Friday, October 15, the Junior Class evacuated T. C. for the quiet and solitude of West Rindge, N. H.. Loaded down with bed rolls weighing sixty pounds apiece, they boarded the bus and went merrily on their way.

Upon arrival at Camp Lowe there was a mad scramble for beds—all but four were successful in obtaining both a mattress and a bed! Beds were made up and then everyone changed into the latest version of "Glamour" costumes.

K. P. came next. Each class member was assigned her duty and for some reason or other everyone did her part. Like Jack and Jill they had to fetch the water, but none seemed to mind this departure from modern facilities.

Inclement weather did nothing to dampen the spirits of the class; singing could be heard at all times and the piano was never still. The evenings were spent dancing and singing, toasting marshmallows, popping corn and playing forfeits.

All went wading and rowing on the lake—delighted because the water was so rough Sunday. (Fortunately they knew nothing of the hurricane warnings — think of the worrying they were saved.)

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ON GETTING THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE

No one needs to tell us that we are living in a difficult day. We here at Fitchburg are well aware of that fact. The continual rush of the business of an accelerated program; the emptiness we feel because of friends who are far away from us; the annoyance we feel because of shortages of things we have been used to are items which stand inexorably before us, daring us to deny that these are days which will test the mettle of all of us.

Two courses are open to us. We may sit back; let our work mount up on us; say, "This is war-time and there is no time for added burdens such as extra-curricular affairs"; and in general bemoan our lot because we had to come along at a time when there is urgent need for acceleration in order to alleviate the teacher shortage; when there are no men to take care of our leisure time; or when there are no bobby pins to be bought.

Or we may take the challenge which the day offers - - - Accept acceleration as a necessary concomitant of war-time and fall in line, always remembering the adage, "All that you do, do with your might; things done by halves are never done right"; choose the extra-curricular activities which interest us, then strive co-operatively to keep them up to par; refuse to sit back passively and let the man-situation wear us down. The medium of letters, frequent letters is open to us, and there are service organizations for us to join; and while we need not be "Pollyannas" we must realize that there are things hundreds of times worse than bobby-pinless hair, butterless bread, and meatless Tuesdays.

The Ash Tray

IT'S A WOMEN'S WORLD

The trouble with this modern world is - - women!! Not that I object to women in theory - - after all, I'm one of that class myself - - but there are so many of us in evidence lately! It was not so long ago that the sight of trousers in the distance made us pull forth our powderpuffs, and experiment with our prettiest smiles; now we merely give the wearer a glance to see if her lipstick and nailpolish match. It's really disheartening - - everywhere we go, in every walk of life, we see women, and nary a man.

For example, look at bus drivers. Gone are the days when a few smiles would earn us the privilege of being picked up and let out at our doorsteps; now, with these regulation-conscious ladies, who also use Pepsodent, we are forced to hike several blocks. Well, we must admit that their uniforms are pretty.

Have you heard about the gallant girls who have taken over mail routes? Why do I call them gallant? Kiddies - have you ever been on a mail route? They definitely are gallant girls. There seems to be a slight flaw in the original plan, however. The idea was to release a man for active service - - - but those big mail pouches are much too difficult for the weaker sex to handle - so a man, or a reasonable facsimile, must accompany the mailwomen to do the hard work.

Then there are those who have taken over men's work in the stores. They act blase, and very unconcerned - - but did you ever see a woman who really liked to clean a smelly old fiwh?

Last but not least, let us not forget Rosie the Riveter. She's doing a big job in a big way. It still seems impossible that she can operate a drill press on an eight-hour shift, and still seem as glamorous as she appears on the advertising posters - - but I've been wrong before. In addition, didn't Lily Dache design her safety cap? Imagine it - a Dache creation to wear all day - plus a weekly pay envelope!!

Seriously, the girls are doing a swell job of keeping the country in a semi-smooth condition, till the boys come back. Gee, I wish they'd come back soon, though. I can't figure out how to fix that leaky pipe!

Campus Chatter

Freshmen — Has Mr. Randall persecuted you yet with the moss he brought back from New Hampshire? Thank the Juniors for that.

Personalities on the Junior Week-end:

Posy — Mortimer Snerd

Paulina — Pavlova

Gilmartin — "Madamoiseile"

Oscar — Jenny Lind

Ailie & Rosie — Chef-Boy-Ar-Dee

Norma Fuller — Rip Van Winkle

Doris Caouette — Monongahela Jukes

Irene Moskos — Harpo Marx

Peggy Jennings — Eureka!

Franny Fraser — Pollyanna

Mary Fava — "Giggles"

Elenor Broderick — Volga Boatman

Kay Doheny — Elenor Powell

Martha B. — Matilda's friend

Alice Dobson — Buster Brown

Mr. & Mrs. Randall — More fun

The only regret was that was no colored film to reproduce "Posy" in her "Prom" dress.

Whats this about ghosts in the I. A. bulding; "Red" ghosts?

Comment after Freshman assembly: Who in that class can't play the piano?

Interesting things go on in Freshman Psychology class. Muriel is the dispenser of information on this count.

Quotation from Mr. Donoghue's Business Math Class discussing insurance. "Married men don't live longer than bachelors, it only seems longer".

Green and White

The W. A. A. formally opened the fall sports season with the rally held on October 4. On this biting autumn day most of the girls of the school met at the Brook where the rally was held.

Girls divided into several teams: elephants, seals, penguins, squirrels and camels. Three-legged races started the game session with those nimble-legged athletes walking off with the points. The peanut race in which six peanuts were transported on a teaspoon from one group to another was held next. Then the peanut hunt was held and those who crossed the Brook first and collected as many peanuts as could be found helped their team to win. The squirrels and penguins got the majority of points and were judged the winners.

After refreshments had been served, the Green team met on one side of the field while the White team met on the other. Members of the W. A. A. board then introduced themselves to the Freshmen and gave them a card that told them to which team they belonged.

The rally was concluded with the singing of the W. A. A. song and another great meeting of the W.A.A. had come to an end.

The so-called gal athlete's of F.T.C. haven't shown much promise yet this year. Of course, we know it isn't as much fun without our pepmaster J. Bolger, being laid up for three weeks. She always did give us loads of pep and such — but jeepers kids, we can't go completely stale or when she comes back, she won't have much to work with.

Hockey practices have been held regularly since the second

A MESSAGE TO THE FRESHMEN

I stood on the threshold too,
And wondered at the forthcoming years as you now do.

That was almost four years ago,
Shall I tell you what I know
About this institution?

In the first place, it's not a mere building with ivy-covered walls,
Classrooms, books, and study halls.

It's much more than that, my friend,

So much more. It's a blend
Of a million little things you'll find

Turning up to haunt you when
you think of leaving them behind.

Things like the feeling you get
at a sing-out

When a hundred people fling out
Their voices in a surge of joyous song,

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week of school, but from the looks of things the younger generation is getting pretty soft. Only two freshman have been out — and as for team spirit! — if it keeps up the White had better say goodbye to their winning streak because the Green's have outnumbered them five to one at every practice. We've been blessed with beautiful weather, here's hoping it keeps up and we'll be looking for you at the next practice.

Frannie Bartlett is up and raring to go on the hikes before all the bright yaller, red and orange leaves hit the dust. Tuesday's the regular hiking day so all you lovers of mother nature check up with Frannie. She told me she had a lot of good places to go.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Three plays entitled "John Dory", "April Showers", and "Among Us Girls", will be presented by members of the Dramatic Club at an assembly program in November.

Glee Club

Members of the Glee Club have been rehearsing for the Christmas Assembly. A large number of Freshman girls has been added to the list of members.

Student Forum:

Group discussion is taken place in the Student Forum on matters of current interest. New members will be admitted very soon.

CAMPUS CHATTER

What happened when Kay's bedroll was returned. Oh murder-r-r!

Rosy must know some terrific ghost stories, else why did Dobson wake up screaming?

Too bad Martha couldn't bring Matilda home.

We all like fresh air but when it's raining in on your bed — well, Gil, were you trying to drown Paulina?

Who spent all day Saturday looking for the elevator? Ask Allie.

Did Elinor Broderick drown? It looked like a ghost who stepped out of the boat. How deep was it in the middle?

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JUNIORS TAKE TO THE HILLS

6:30 Sunday night rolled around all to soon. Another mad scramble . . . this time not for beds, but to try to assemble bed rolls.

At 8 o'clock the bus rolled up to T. C.; the class was still singing, evidently more than satisfied with the substitute for their Junior Prom.

Service Mens Column

Remember, girls, when F.T.C. was noted for her large percentage of male students? Well, the situation has certainly reversed itself, and I imagine you would like to hear a little about pals who have left our campus to take jobs with Uncle Sam for the duration.

Johnny Chase, that man-about-town of the class of '43, is way down in Florida, the land of palm trees. Yes, he's doing a fine job in the Army Air Corps, and will be a physical education instructor when he graduates. See what your training has done for the boys, Coach Elliot.

Brr-rr! a sudden change of climate --Alaska, and Durwood Eastman, class of '44, sitting on an iceberg writing to his one and only Joanne. The Army Air Corps has claimed Durwood Sam place his camps far apart? plus Johnny, but doesn't Uncle

For those who knew Joe Cutler, killed in a crash landing not long ago in Fernandos, Fla., this poem will have a special meaning. It was written by Dick Allen, class of '42, who is an Air Corps Sergeant in North Africa.

IN MEMORIAM

I remember a smile
On the face of a buddy--
A man who was true to the ideals of life.
He smiled at his pupils
And they smiled back
And learned to be true to his ideals of life.
I remember a smile;
And now as my comrade
This man whose ideals must endure to the end,
Lived a life that was gallant
Found the Life of the valiant
For Joe, dear Joe was my friend.

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A MESSAGE TO FRESHMEN

And there's a pal's hand in yours to say that you belong.

It's traditions of ivy, rock breaking, Class Day,

It's laughter, shouts, and games we loved to play.

Its clubs, Proms, carnivals, cramming,

Picnicking, cavorting and "wind-jamming"

In the Day Girl's Room and Miller.

It's all these things and more. How can I tell you, Freshman, just what you have in store—Love, hope, friendships sincere, All the things that make our Alma Mater so dear.

Have I waxed too sentimental, my sophisticated youth?

Know this then, my friend,

When your four years are at an end

You'll know I speak the truth.

D. Porter

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CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS

Vice president Margaret Malahy and treasurer Steve O'Horo are both from Saint Bernard's High School here in Fitchburg. They both held offices in the class of '43' there.

Barbara Thompson comes to us from Gardner High School where she took an active part in dramatics. She also was Secretary of the Pro Merito Club.

A vote of appreciation from us and from all of our servicemen goes to Dick Tucker, who, at his own expense, and in his very limited spare time, writes and prints a newspaper, the object of which is to keep the boys in touch with each other and the activities at T. C. "Sticky by Dicky" is keeping alive memories of the Alma Mater from the Arctic to the tropics. From the boys and from all of us, "Thanks a million", Dick.